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HISTORICAL TABLEUX.

TUTELAGE.

WERE we to ask a hundred men, who from small beginnings have attained a condition of respectability and affluence, to what they principally imputed their success in life, the general answer would be, 'It was from being early compelled to think for and depend on ourselves.' And, on the contrary, if at all curious as to ruination of prospects, a little inquiry would suffice to show that it was too commonly a result of having acquired no powers of self-reliance—of the whole of youth and part of manhood having been spent in a fatal dependence on others.

This would appear to be one of the unbending laws of nature. Not allowed, or not compelled to exercise itself, the mind becomes feeble, and incapable of independent thought; its proper energies cease to be evoked; and in many respects it is little better than the mind of an infant. Persons living in morbid indifference to surrounding circumstances, individuals whose whole waking existence is spent in the drudgery of mechanical occupations, and those whose movements are altogether regulated by others, usually possess minds of this emaciated character. Comparing such unfortunately-situated persons to plants secluded from the free action of the sun and atmosphere, their mental capacities may be said to be *etiolated*—robbed of all natural strength and beauty.*

What is true as respects an individual, is true as regards communities of people, and also whole nations. In Great Britain, at the present moment, there could be pointed out extensive rural districts, and likewise towns, the majority of whose inhabitants are evidently behind the rest of the country not only as respects an alert apprehension of knowledge, but the capacity to think and act according to the plainest principles of morals. A habitual trust in some kind of petty patronage, a reliance on antiquated immunities and advantages, and the want of frequent intercourse with the world, are in these instances the prevalent cause of mental deterioration. Nothing, as is well known, is more common than for persons at elections for members of parliament in certain towns in England to make a trade of selling their votes for sums varying from five to fifty pounds. One town so unfortunate as to be detected in these corrupt practices has lately been deprived of its franchise. It has always, however, been quite impossible to convince the inhabitants of such places that they are guilty of an

immoral act. With minds deteriorated and depraved, they are heard to defend what all the rest of the world condemns; and I have no doubt of their sincerity. When to the debasing influence of bribes—as happens with a town of some note which I have in my eye—are added large corporation advantages in the form of patches of land rent-free, the demoralisation eats into the very core of society, and produces the most lamentable abasement. Relying on these miserable chances of plunder, and on endowments which may properly be called bounties on indolence, the inhabitants linger out a dreary existence, poor and unenterprising, venal, subservient, and thankless; and, worst of all, deprived of that vigour of intellect which could show them the infamy of their unhappy condition. For persons so diseased there is no hope, unless from an entire change of circumstances. Removed to scenes of mental activity, they may possibly be cultivated into the possession of qualities esteemed by the good and generous. 'Etiolated plants become green by exposure.'

There are numerous instances in history of entire nations becoming etiolated. From being bold, enlightened, and enterprising, they have become timid, ignorant, and inert; from being able to manage themselves, they have come to need some one to think for, to feed, clothe, and defend them, as if they were children. There are other examples in history of youthful nations remaining in a kind of etiolated state up to a certain point in their progress, and then, through a conjuncture of circumstances, assuming a healthful and vigorous frame of mind; the rule in these, as in the preceding class of cases, being the same—mental vigour only where there is full scope for mental exercise. Let us group a few of these various conditions of national character in our tableaux.

Military conquest, as was observed in a previous article, has been the principal agent of national ruin. There has always, however, been something besides. All depends on the sequence of action. Battles, slaughter, devastations in taking possession of a country, do not usually last long. The killing, the smashing, and the pocketing are soon over. A nation exposed to the calamity of conquest, may no more be prostrated by the event, than a man may be ruined by having his house robbed. All, I say, depends on what the plunderers do afterwards. Conquerors take possession of countries for one of two avowed purposes—either to make the new country their home, or to keep it on the avaricious principle of a led-farm. If they design to remain, casting themselves at the same time loose from their previous settlement, the conquest is usually conducted with temper and discretion. 'The wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right.' In other words, the victorious party performs an act of clemency and justice.

* Etiolation is that condition of a plant in which all the green colour is absent. Such a state is produced by want of light, and is artificially obtained by keeping plants in the dark, in order to increase their being more tender and insipid than is natural to them. Etiolated plants become green by exposure.—*Brand's Dictionary of Science.*

A thorough central management, in which the natives participate, is organised; things gradually clear up; and the people at large, who were at first so much panic-struck, look on the affair as of no serious importance after all. The conquest of England by the Normans finally assumed this pleasant character. William was king in Westminster instead of Harold, and there was an end of it, or nearly so.

It is a very different thing when an invading host retires after it has inflicted its first dread blow, and leaves the country in a subjugated and denationalised condition. From that instant the people, no longer permitted, or called on, to think decisively for themselves, become gradually emaciated in mind—etiolated. Their noble faculties wither and die, while subserviency, and many base and pitiful passions, take their place. By far the greater number of conquests have been of this permanently-ruinous character. The Romans always adopted the plan of leaving their conquered countries in the charge of servants delegated from headquarters; at one period they had as many as twenty large states tributary to their treasury, and undergoing this dismal process of demoralisation; each state, the longer it was kept, sinking the deeper into a condition of mental imbecility. Readers of history will here call to mind the character of the Britons at the final departure of the Romans, after four centuries of tutelage. From having been a courageous and active-minded race, they had become altogether poor-spirited, and incapable of planning any means of defence or self-government. Such was the abjectness of their situation, that they earnestly implored the Romans to remain for their protection. 'Stay, oh stay, to think, to act, to do for us.' A group of children left to shift for themselves could not have presented a more piteous spectacle of incapacity; and the Britons on this occasion were really deserving of pity. They could not be blamed for being etiolated. During four hundred years, a period of at least eight generations, they had, from father to son, never been allowed to interfere in public affairs. The Romans had managed everything, according to orders received by letters from Rome, or agreeably to certain laws, of which the Britons had no distinct knowledge, and for which they could entertain no respect. Driven almost out of their weakened senses by the refusal of the Romans to stay or come back to help them, and suffering from the vengeful incursions of the Scots and Picts, they sent an invitation to the Saxons to condescend to come and take charge of them. Never did mendicant pen so humble a petition. The following are the words, as given by a cotemporary historian of some credit:—'The poor and distressed Britons, almost worn out by hostile invasions, and harassed by continual incursions, are humble suppliants to you, most valiant Saxons, for succour. We are possessed of a wide, extended, and a fertile country; this we yield wholly, to be at your devotion and command. Beneath the wings of your valour we seek for safety, and shall willingly undergo whatever services you may hereafter be pleased to impose.' What a picture! England crying, 'Come, take me!' Poor etiolated Britons! We hope things were quite settled to your minds when Hengist and Horsa put brass collars round your necks, and sold you, as an article of commerce, at so much a dozen!

As the unfortunate Britons on this occasion passed under the yoke of the Saxons, so did the Greeks about the same period, and from precisely the same cause, sink under the thralldom of kindred Gothic tribes.

Emaciated in mind, corrupted, and subservient, they no longer showed a vestige of their ancient national character; and, deserted by the Roman power, which had coddled them to their ruin, they became a defenceless prey to the northern invaders. So likewise did Spain, which had cost the Romans two hundred years to conquer, drop with comparative ease into the hands of the Goths. Four centuries as a led-farm of Rome had taken away all pith from its mental composition. And so likewise with Gaul, and other Roman dependencies. Of almost every one of them the same sorrowful tale may be told. They all went on well enough so long as their Roman masters held them in charge; but no sooner had the pro-consular governments been withdrawn, in consequence of a general derangement of affairs at home, than each submitted itself to the keeping of tribes of energetic intruders. According to the accounts of historians, the Roman provinces became the prey of Teutonic races, in consequence of an effeminacy of manners introduced from Rome, and also from the East. Historians, in presenting this reason for the dismemberment of the Roman empire, wrote according to the philosophy of their times. A better knowledge of social economics, and of the working of the human faculties, now tells us that luxury and refinement are not always causes of national degeneracy. Rude conquerors, abandoning themselves to unaccustomed indulgences, will no doubt lose their original character, as was the case with the invaders of Italy. The same explanation, however, will not suit the class of cases to which we allude. In these, the *primary* source of ruination, as I apprehend, lay in the emaciation of the people's minds, from lack of proper exercise. Kept in a state of tutelage, and disheartened by conquest, their nobler faculties were repressed, and only the meaner class of feelings and appetites found scope for indulgence. Hence the universal ruin which ensued on the withdrawal of the Romans. The parallel was everywhere complete. In all the countries which that great nation acquired by conquest, there was finally found a mean-spirited, shuffling, and slavish population. Jew, Greek, Spaniard, Gaul, and Briton were all alike modified by differences of race. Every one of them was less or more etiolated. There can be nothing more clear, from the uniformity of these facts, than that delegated national managements are invariably demoralising, and effect more permanently-disastrous results than the first crash of rapine and military conquest.

As the world now stands, it would not be difficult to select countries suffering under an enfeebled state of intellect chiefly from the influence of despotic or delegated managements, both equally overshadowing and injurious. What example more remarkable than that offered by the whole of modern Germany. From this vast region issued the great and impetuous hordes which overran the Roman provinces, and imparted a solid foundation to many European states. After a lapse of fourteen hundred years since the occurrence of these events, we in vain seek for a remnant of the valour, once the terror of the world. Fruitless would be the search for the slightest resemblance between the ancient Suevi, Alemanni, Saxons, Vandals, Lombards, Franks, and other great Teutons—the races, in short, among whom our own liberties were cradled—and the etiolated modern German nations. First subdued by Charlemagne, himself a Frank, and afterwards, in detached portions, passing under the thralldom of his less magnanimous successors, they have finally shrunk into insignificance, and been lost to honourable European

history—a hundred millions of people in a state of tutelage, stifling the recollection of a great name in the fumes of an odious narcotic, heard talking of liberty only at inglorious tavern brawls, and with every action watched over and regulated by a crew of mounted barbarians. Such is Germany, only the less etiolated because of its naturally vigorous mental constitution. How humiliating the spectacle which greeted the sight a few years ago in the 'free' city of Frankfurt—cannons loaded with grape-shot pointing down the main street, and ready to be fired by a mixed Prussian and Austrian guard. An incomparable receipt this for national etiolation.

If desirous of seeing a few living specimens of mental deterioration, arising in no small degree from delegated management, the late Spanish dependencies in Central America will at once present themselves to our imagination. In these distant possessions the native races were barbarously annihilated, and the tributary states were peopled entirely by adventurers from the mother country. These settlers were by no means of inactive mental habits, and yet their descendants in Mexico and elsewhere have latterly proved their incompetency for independent national management. Ruled for centuries by a deputed and despotic authority, their attempts at self-government are among the most laughable things in modern history. Ignorant, idle, and quarrelsome, they would appear to be only waiting for a transatlantic Hengist and Horsa to put collars round their necks. And considering the manifold iniquities of their ancestors, who can pity them? Who also can entertain the smallest compassion for Spain, in this instance the great head-quarters of transgression? How startling for the present age to be called on to witness the punishment of outrages committed centuries ago by Cortes on the unoffending Montezuma!

Carrying our eye northwards along the American continent, we are presented with a lesson of another kind. Seventy years ago, Britain owned a number of dependencies facing the Atlantic, the seat of a peaceful and industrious population. Governed on the led-farm principle, there cannot be a doubt that the inhabitants would in time have become etiolated, and unfit for any independent line of action. A strange piece of mismanagement, however, on the part of the mother country saved them from this disaster. One day in the year 1764, an aged military gentleman presented himself to an assembly of notables in these distant settlements, and communicated orders to the following effect, in answer to certain remonstrances previously sent to the mother country:—"In the first place," proceeded he, "you, the people of this led-farm, are not in future to buy any article of manufacture whatsoever from any country but England. Secondly, you are not to sell any of your produce to any country but England. Thirdly, all the articles you buy from England shall pay a tax before you get them. Fourthly, you are not to manufacture a single article yourselves, in order that English tradesmen may not be cheated of your cash. Fifthly, these, and all other arrangements, according to statute made and provided, must be submitted to without inquiry or interference: for, gentlemen, it is my duty to tell you that you have literally nothing to do with the laws but to obey them." This oration, though uttered with all the becoming dignity of a courtier, and although followed by an inspiring anthem from a regimental band, failed to have that weight which the venerable and too-confiding speaker anticipated. Those addressed had been for some time in

the course of etiolation, but not being much gone in the disease, they took upon them to resist the proposed arrangements as unconstitutional. A good deal of haranguing, brawling, and fighting ensued; and the end of it was, that the aforesaid notables never stopped till they had turned out of the country all the old colonels and broken-down men of fortune who had been sent to govern and etiolate them. After that, the people bought and sold as they liked, manufactured what they liked, and managed their public concerns as they liked. Thus was insolence properly punished.

Without feeling any very decided prepossession in favour of the descendants of these contumacious Americans, it is impossible not to see that their minds are anything but etiolated. Two or three of the neighbouring states, which accidentally continued as led-farms at the great upbreak, have to all appearance got far into the etiolated condition: but beyond the early stages of the disease the Americans never went; and if anything be wrong with them now, it is an over, not an under, activity of brain. I repeat they may not be a people with many qualities to be admired; but, considering what they have done in seventy years, merely from being left to the untrammelled exercise of their own faculties, they may be allowed to have some grounds for boasting. In these seventy years, they have achieved greater things than they could possibly have attained in a thousand under the deadening influences to which they were originally exposed. How fortunate for human progress, how fortunate for Great Britain, their escape from etiolation!

Was it fortunate for us? No historical event was ever more so. Nations conducted at a distance, and under delegated management, cannot, in the nature of things, fulfil the ambitious desires of their owners. Providence would seem to have set a limit to the capacity of hired service, in order to check inordinate aggrandisement. Were it otherwise, the world would long since have realised the idea of universal empire. An Alexander, a Charlemagne, or a Napoleon, would have been king of all the kingdoms of the earth. The dishonesty, however, the petty selfishnesses, and other failings of delegated servants, not to speak of the varying contingencies of human affairs, will ever prevent this catastrophe. But, independently of these preventives, there is one which in itself would keep all extravagant expectations in check; and that is, the prescriptive burden which every nation imposes on itself, by dishonestly attempting to make another nation pay it tribute, either in the form of direct money contributions, or in a forced and unnatural course of trade.

A judicious father of a family endeavours to cultivate a power of self-reliance in his children; and having done his duty in this respect, he leaves them to themselves when the proper time arrives for their setting up on their own account. After this, the relationship is one of affection only. Why should nations act differently with respect to their conquests or offshoots? The true course of policy for nations of the paternal order, should consist in getting their dependencies as quickly as possible into a condition for managing their own affairs on a principle of growing nationality and independence; while their treatment of them in other respects ought to be of that generous and confiding nature which would leave on both sides a feeling of affectionate relationship. And all this, not because it would be best on economical grounds, but because it is preferable from moral and ulterior considerations. Nations should learn that they are not, any more than individuals, ex-

empted from the obligation of acting honestly and disinterestedly; that they cannot outrage natural and fixed laws without incurring the penalties of transgression.

Again, in closing these tableaux, does that terrible spectre, IRELAND, rise to oppress the imagination. What a noble country might it not have been, if exposed to a different course of circumstances since the period when it shone a star of light in an age of mediæval darkness! But regrets are now vain. All the Archaeologist can do, is to wander amidst its glorious ruins, and search for traces of a refinement which centuries ago was laid ruthlessly in the dust. And must he not, in performing this classic and mournful pilgrimage, ponder on the transgressions of his ancestors, and fear that the sins of the fathers will be visited on the children even unto the present remote and guiltless generation? If such be the doom, what an ending to an ignoble chapter of history—the most stupendous example of retributive justice which the mind of the moralist could conceive! An everlasting marriage of Intelligence to Imbecility—Truth to Falsehood—Industry to Sloth—Peace to Turbulence—Riches to Beggary—Life to Death! Let us drop the curtain, and hide the appalling spectacle. Not so, however, can we extinguish that maniac shout whose echoes linger dolefully in our ears—Why did you take me?—why did you keep me?—why did you demoralise me, and unfit me for self-reliance? Now that my mind is gone, and I am in a state of idiocy, I shall cling—cling—cling to you for ever!

W. C.

A STORY FOR A WINTER FIRESIDE.

BY MRS CROWE.

ONE evening on which a merry Christmas party was assembled in an hospitable country mansion in the north of England, one of the company, a young man named Charles Lisle, called the host aside, as they were standing in the drawing-room before dinner, and whispered, 'I say, Graham, I wish you'd put me into a room that has either a bolt or a key.'

'They have all keys, or should have,' returned Mr Graham.

'The key of my room is lost,' returned the other; 'I asked the housemaid. It is always the first thing I look to when I enter a strange bedchamber. I can't sleep unless the door is locked.'

'How very odd! I never locked my door in my life,' said Mr Graham. 'I say, Letitia,' continued he, addressing his wife, 'here's Charlie Lisle can't sleep unless his door's locked, and the room you've put him into has no key.'

At this announcement all the ladies looked with surprise at Charlie Lisle, and all the gentlemen laughed; and 'how odd!' and 'what a strange fancy!' was echoed among them.

'I daresay you do think it very odd, and indeed it must appear rather a lady-like particularity,' responded Lisle, who was a fine active young man, and did not look as if he were much troubled with superfluous fears; 'but a circumstance that occurred to me when I was on the continent last summer has given me a nervous horror of sleeping in a room with an unlocked door, and I have never been able to overcome it. This is perhaps owing to my having been ill at the time, and I can scarcely say I have recovered from the effects of that illness yet.'

Naturally, everybody wanted to hear what this adventure was—the programme being certainly exciting—and so one of the visitors offered to exchange rooms with Charlie Lisle, provided he would tell them his story; which accordingly, when assembled round the fire in the evening, he began in the following words:—

'You must know, then, that last year, when I was wandering over the continent, partly in search of the picturesque, and partly to remedy the effects of too much study, or rather too hasty study—for I believe a man may study as much as he pleases, if he will only take it easy, as the Irish say—I was surprised one evening by a violent storm of hail, and it became so suddenly dark, that I could scarcely see my horse's head. I had twelve miles to go to the town at which I intended to pass the night, and I knew that there was no desirable shelter nearer, unless I chose to throw myself on the hospitality of the monastery of Pierre Châtel, which lay embosomed amongst the hills a little to the east of the road I was travelling. There is something romantic and interesting in a residence at a convent, but of that I need not now say anything. After a short mental debate, I resolved to present myself at the convent gate, and ask them to give me a night's shelter. So I turned off the road, and rang the heavy bell, which was answered by a burly, rosy-cheeked lay brother, and he forthwith conducted me to the prior, who was called the Père Jolivet. He received me very kindly, and we chatted away for some time on politics and the affairs of the world; and when the brothers were summoned to the refectory, I begged leave to join them, and share their simple repast, instead of eating the solitary supper prepared for me. There were two tables in the hall, and I was seated next the prior, in a situation that gave me a pretty good view of the whole company, and as I cast my eyes round to take a survey of the various countenances, they were suddenly arrested by one that struck me as about the most remarkable I had ever beheld. From the height of its owner as he sat, I judged he must be a very tall man, and the high round shoulders gave an idea of great physical strength; though at the same time the whole mass seemed composed of bone, for there was very little muscle to cover it. The colour of his great coarse face was of an unnatural whiteness, and the rigid immobility of the features favoured the idea that the man was more dead than alive. There was altogether something so remarkable in his looks, that I could with difficulty turn my eyes from him. My fixed gaze, I imagine, roused some emotions within him, for he returned my scrutiny with a determined and terrific glare. If I forced myself to turn away my head for a moment, round it would come again, and there were his two great mysterious eyes upon me; and that stiff jaw slowly and mechanically moving from side to side, as he ate his supper, like something acted on by a pendulum. It was really dreadful: we seemed both bewitched to stare at each other; and I longed for the signal to rise, that I might be released from the strange fascination. This came at length; and though I had promised myself to make some inquiries of the prior concerning the owner of the eyes, yet not finding myself alone with him during the evening, I forbore, and in due time retired to my chamber, intending to proceed on my journey the following day. But when the morning came, I found myself very unwell, and the hospitable prior recommended me not to leave my bed; and finally, I was obliged to remain there not only that day, but many days—in short, it was nearly a month before I was well enough to quit the convent.

'In the meantime, however, I had learnt the story of Brother Lazarus—for so I found the object of my curiosity was called; and had thereby acquired some idea of the kind of influence he had exercised over me. The window of the little room I occupied looked into the burying-place of the monastery; and on the day I first left my bed, I perceived a monk below digging a grave. He was stooping forward with his spade in his hand, and with his back towards me, and as my room was a good way from the ground, and the brothers were all habited alike, I could not distinguish which of them it was.

"You have a death amongst you?" said I to the prior when he visited me.

"No," returned he; "we have even no serious sickness at present."

"I see one of the brothers below digging a grave," I replied.

"Oh," said he, looking out, "that is Brother Lazarus—he is digging his own grave."

"What an extraordinary fancy!" said I. "But perhaps it's a penance?"

"Not a penance imposed by me," replied the prior, "but by himself. Brother Lazarus is a very strange person. Perhaps you may have observed him in the refectory—he sat nearly opposite you at the other table?"

"Bless me! is that he? Oh yes, I observed him indeed. Who could help observing him? He has the most extraordinary countenance I ever beheld."

"Brother Lazarus is a somnambulist," returned the prior; "a natural somnambulist; and is altogether, as I said before, a very extraordinary character."

"What!" said I, my curiosity being a good deal awakened, "does he walk in his sleep? I never saw a somnambulist before, and should like to hear some particulars about him, if you have no objection to tell them me."

"They are not desirable inmates, I assure you," answered the prior. "I could tell you some very odd adventures connected with this disease of Brother Lazarus."

"I should be very much obliged if you would," said I with no little eagerness.

"Somnambulists are sometimes subject to strange hallucinations," he replied; "their dream is to them as real as our actual daily life is to us, and they not infrequently act out the scenes of the drama with a terrible determination. I will just give you one instance of the danger that may accrue from a delusion of this nature. At the last monastery I inhabited, before I became prior of Pierre Châtel, we had a monk who was known to be a somnambulist. He was a man of a sombre character and gloomy temperament; but it was rather supposed that his melancholy proceeded from physical causes, than from any particular source of mental uneasiness. His nightly wanderings were very irregular: sometimes they were frequent, sometimes there were long intermissions. Occasionally he would leave his cell, and after being absent from it several hours, would return of his own accord, still fast asleep, and lay himself in his bed: at other times he would wander so far away, that we had to send in search of him; and sometimes he would be met by the messengers on his way back, either awake or asleep, as it might happen. This strange malady had caused us some anxiety, and we had not neglected to seek the best advice we could obtain with respect to its treatment; and at length the remedies applied seemed to have taken effect; the paroxysms became more rare, and the disease so far abated, that it ceased to be a subject of observation amongst us. Several months had elapsed since I had heard anything of the nocturnal excursions of Brother Dominique, when one night that I had some business of importance in hand, instead of going to bed when the rest of the brotherhood retired to their cells, I seated myself at my desk, for the purpose of reading and answering certain letters concerning the affair in question. I had been some time thus occupied, and had just finished my work, and had already locked my desk preparatory to going to bed, when I heard the closing of a distant door, and immediately afterwards a foot in the long gallery that separated my room from the cells of the brotherhood. What could be the matter? Somebody must be ill, and was coming to seek assistance; and I was confirmed in this persuasion when I perceived that the foot was approaching my door, the key of which I had not turned. In a moment more it opened, and Fra Dominique entered, asleep. His eyes were wide open, but there was evidently no speculation in them; they were fixed and glassy, like the eyes of a corpse. He had nothing on but the tunic which he was in the habit of

wearing at night; and in his hand he held a large knife. At this strange apparition I stood transfixed. From the cautious manner in which he had opened the door, and the stealthy pace with which he advanced into the room, I could not doubt that he was bent upon mischief; but aware of the dangerous effects that frequently result from the too sudden awakening of a sleep-walker, I thought it better to watch in silence the acting out of this fearful drama, than venture to disturb him. With all the precautions he would have used not to arouse me had he been awake, he moved towards the bed, and in so doing he had occasion to pass quite close to where I stood, and as the light of the lamps fell upon his face, I saw that his brows were knit, and his features contracted into an expression of resolute malignity. When he reached the bed, he bent over it, felt with his hand in the place where I should have been, and then, apparently satisfied, he lifted up his arm, and struck successively three heavy blows—so heavy, that, having pierced the bedclothes, the blade of the knife entered far into the mattress, or rather into the mat that served me for one. Suddenly, however, whilst his arm was raised for another blow, he started, and turning round, hastened towards the window, which he opened, and had it been large enough, I think would have thrown himself out. But finding the aperture too small, he changed his direction. Again he passed close to me, and I felt myself shrink back as he almost touched me with his tunic. The two lamps that stood on my table made no impression on his eyes; he opened and closed the door as before; and I heard him proceed rapidly along the gallery, and retire to his own cell. It would be vain to attempt to describe the amazement with which I had witnessed this terrible scene. I had been, as it were, the spectator of my own murder, and I was overcome by the horrors of this visionary assassination. Grateful to Providence for the danger I had escaped, I yet could not brace my nerves to look at it with calmness, and I passed the remainder of the night in a state of painful agitation. On the following morning, as soon as breakfast was over, I summoned Fra Dominique to my room. As he entered, I saw his eye glance at the bed, which was now, however, covered by other linen, so that there were no traces visible of his nocturnal visit. His countenance was sad, but expressed no confusion, till I inquired what had been the subject of his dreams the preceding night. Then he started, and changed colour.

"Reverend father," said he, "why do you ask me this?"

"Never mind," said I; "I have my reasons."

"I do not like to repeat my dream," returned he; "it was too frightful; and I fear that it must have been Satan himself that inspired it."

"Nevertheless let me hear it."

"Well, reverend father, if you will have it so, what I dreamt was this—but that you may the better comprehend my dream, I must give you a short sketch of the circumstances in which it originated."

"Do so," said I; "and that we may not be interrupted, I'll lock the door." So having turned the key, and bade him seat himself on a stool opposite me, I prepared to listen to the story of his life, which was to this effect. While a child of four years of age, he awoke one morning and found that his poor mother lay a bleeding corpse by his side. She had been murdered during the night by a miscreant relative, in order to obtain some mean inheritance by her decease. The effect of the circumstance, with its painful details, had disturbed his infant faculties, which led to occasional fits, and to terrific dreams. These dreams, he added, sometimes made him feel as if he were under a stern necessity of performing the part of the murderer of his mother.

"And pray," I inquired, "do you select any particular person as your victim in those dreams?"

"Always."

"And what does this selection depend upon? Is it enmity?"

'No,' returned Dominique; 'it is a peculiar influence that I cannot explain. Perhaps,' added he, after some hesitation, 'you may have observed my eyes frequently fixed on you of late?' I remembered that I had observed this; and he then told me that whoever he looked at in that manner was the person he dreamt of."

'Such,' said Charlie Lisle, 'was the prior's account of this strange personage. I confess, when I had heard his explanation, I began to feel particularly queer, for I was already satisfied that Fra Dominique and Brother Lazarus were one and the same person; and I perceived that I was in considerable danger of being the selected victim of his next dream; and so I told Père Jolivet.'

"Never fear," said he; "we lock him up every night, and have done so ever since my adventure. Added to which, he is now very unwell; he was taken with a fit yesterday, and we have been obliged to bleed him."

"But he is digging there below," said I.

"Yes," replied the prior; "he has a notion he is going to die, and intreated permission to prepare his grave. It is, however, a mere fancy I daresay. He had the same notion during the indisposition that succeeded the dream I have just related. I forgot to tell you, however, though you seem to have penetrated the secret, that this Fra Dominique changed his name to Lazarus when he accompanied me here, which he was allowed to do at his own urgent intreaty; why, I cannot tell, but ever after that conversation, he seemed to have imbibed a strong attachment to me; perhaps because I exhibited none of the distrust or aversion towards him which some persons might have been apt to entertain under the same circumstances."

'A week after this I was informed that Brother Lazarus was dead,' continued Lisle; 'and I confess I did not much regret his decease. I thought a man subject to such dangerous dreams was better out of the world than in it; more especially as by all accounts he had no enjoyment in life. On the day I quitted the monastery, I saw from my window one of the brothers completing the already partly-made grave, and learnt that he was to be buried that evening; and as I descended the stairs, I passed some monks who were carrying his coffin to his cell. "Rest his soul!" said I, as I buckled on my spurs; and having heartily thanked the good prior for his hospitality, I mounted my horse and rode away.'

Here Charlie Lisle rang the bell and asked for a glass of water.

'Is that all?' inquired Lady Araminta.

"Not quite," said Charlie; "the sequel is to come. My visit to the monastery of Pierre Châtel had occurred in the month of June. During the ensuing months I travelled over a considerable part of the south of France; and at length I crossed the Pyrenees, intending to proceed as far as Madrid, and winter there. Amongst the lions I had been recommended to visit was a monastery of Franciscans in the neighbourhood of Burgos, and I turned somewhat out of my road for the purpose of inspecting some curious manuscripts which the monks were reputed to possess. It was in the month of October, and a bright moonlight night, when I rang the bell, and requested to see the Padre Pachorra, to whom I had letters of introduction. I found him a dark, grave, sombre-looking man, not very unlike my old friend Brother Lazarus; and although he received me civilly enough, there was something in his demeanour that affected my spirits. The whole air of the convent, too, was melancholy; convents, like other establishments, taking their tone very much from the character of their superiors. As the monks had already supped when I arrived, I was served with some refreshment in the parlour; and the whole internal arrangements here being exceedingly strict, I immediately afterwards retired to my chamber, firmly resolved to take my departure the next day. I am not in the habit of going to bed early, and when I do, I never can sleep. By the time my usual sleeping hour is arrived, I have generally got so restless and nervous from lying awake, that slumber is banished

altogether. Consequently, whenever I am under circumstances that oblige me to retire early to my room, I make a practice of reading till I find my eyelids heavy. But the dormitory assigned me in this Franciscan convent was so chilly, and the lamp gave so little light, that either remaining out of bed or reading in it was out of the question; so I yielded to necessity, and stretched myself on Padre Pachorra's hard couch; and a very hard one it was, I assure you. I was very cold too. There were not coverings enough on the bed to keep in my animal heat; and although I spread my own clothes over me also, still I lay shivering in a very uncomfortable manner, and, I am afraid, uttering sundry harsh remarks on the padre's niggardly hospitality. In this agreeable occupation, as you may suppose, the flight of time was somewhat of the slowest. I do not know how many hours I had been there, but I had begun to think it never would be morning, when I heard something stirring in the gallery outside my door. The silence of a convent at night is the silence of the grave. Too far removed from the busy world without for external sounds to penetrate the thick walls, whilst within no slamming door, nor wandering foot, nor sacrilegious voice breaks in upon the stillness, the slightest noise strikes upon the ear with a fearful distinctness. I had no shutters to my window, so that I was aware it was still pitch-dark without, though, within, the feeble light of my lamp still enabled me to see a little about me. I knew that the inmates of monasteries not only rise before daylight, but also that they perform midnight masses, and so forth; but then I had always observed that on these occasions they were summoned by a bell. Now, there was no bell; on the contrary, all was still as death, except the cautious foot which seemed to be approaching my room. "What on earth can it be?" thought I, sitting up in bed with an indescribable feeling of apprehension. At that moment a hand was laid upon the latch of my door. I cannot tell why, but instinctively I jumped out of bed—the door opened, and in walked what appeared to me to be Brother Lazarus, exactly as the prior of Pierre Châtel had described him to me on the occasion of his nocturnal visit to his chamber. His eyes were open, but glazed, as of one dead; his face was of a ghastly paleness; he had nothing on but the gray tunic in which he slept; and in his hand he held a knife, such a one as was used by the monks to cut their large loaves with.

'You may conceive my amazement,' continued Charlie Lisle, whilst amongst his auditors every eye was firmly riveted. 'I rubbed my eyes, and asked myself if I were dreaming. Too surely I was awake—I had never even slumbered for an instant. Was I mad? I did not think I was; but certainly that was no proof to the contrary; and I almost began to doubt that Brother Lazarus was dead and buried on the other side of the Pyrenees. The prior of Pierre Châtel had told me he was dead, and I had heard several others of the brotherhood alluding to his decease. I had seen his grave made ready, and I had passed his coffin as I descended to the hall; yet here he was in Spain, again rehearsing the frightful scene that Jolivet had described to me! Whilst all this was fleeting through my mind, I was standing *en chemise* betwixt the bed and the wall on which side I had happened to leap out. In the meantime the apparition advanced with bare feet, and with the greatest caution, towards the other side of the bed; and as there were of course no curtains, I had a full view of his diabolical features, which appeared contracted with rage and malignity. As Jolivet had described to me, he first felt the bed, as if to ascertain if I were there; and I confess I was frightened out of my senses lest he should discover that I was not, and possibly detect me where I was. What could I have done, unarmed, and in my shirt, against this preternatural-looking monster? And to wake him—provided always it was really Brother Lazarus, and not his double a point about which I felt exceedingly uncertain—I had learnt from Jolivet was extremely perilous. How

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over, he did not discover that the bed was empty—his dream no doubt supplying a visionary victim for the occasion—and raising his arm, he plunged the knife into the mattress with a fierce determination that convinced me I should have had very little chance of surviving the blow had I been where he imagined me. Again and again he struck, I looking on with a horror that words could but feebly paint; and then he suddenly started—the uplifted arm was arrested—the pursuer was at hand: he first rushed to the window, and opened it, but being only a small lattice, there was no egress there, so he turned to the door, making his escape that way; and I could hear his foot distinctly flying along the gallery till he reached his own cell. By this time I was perfectly satisfied that it was no spirit I had seen, but the veritable Brother Lazarus, or Dominique, or whatever his name was—for he might have had a dozen aliases for aught I knew—though how he had contrived to come to life again, if he were dead, or by what means, or for what purpose, he could have persuaded the monks of Pierre Châtel of his decease, if the fact were not so, I could not conceive. There was no fastening to my door, and the first question that occurred to me was, whether this diabolical dream of his was ever repeated twice in one night. I had often heard that the magic number of three is apt to prevail on these occasions; and if so, he might come back again. I confess I was horribly afraid that he would. In the meantime I found myself shivering with cold, and was, perforce, obliged to creep into the bed, where indeed I was not much warmer. Sleep was of course out of the question. I lay listening anxiously, expecting either the stealthy foot of Brother Lazarus, or the glad sound of the matin bell, that would summon the monks from their cells, and wondering which I should hear first. Fortunately for my nerves it was the latter; and with alacrity I jumped out of bed, dressed myself, and descended to the chapel.

When I reached it, the monks were on their knees, and their cowls being over their heads, I could not, as I ran my eye over them, distinguish my friend the somnambulist; but when they rose to their feet, his tall gaunt figure and high shoulders were easily discernible, and I had identified him before I saw his face. As they passed out of the chapel, I drew near and saluted him, observing that I believed I had had the pleasure of seeing him before at Pierre Châtel; but he only shook his head, as if in token of denial; and as I could obtain no other answer to my further attempts at conversation, I left him, and proceeded to pay my respects to the prior. Of course I felt it my duty to mention my adventure of the previous night, for Brother Lazarus might on some occasion chance to act out his dream more effectually than he had had the opportunity of doing with me and Père Jolivet.

"I am extremely sorry indeed," said Padre Pachorra when he had heard my story; "they must have omitted to lock him into his cell last night. I must speak about it, for the consequences might have been very serious."

"Very serious to me certainly," said I. "But how is it I see this man here alive? When I quitted Pierre Châtel I was told he was dead, and I saw the preparations for his burial."

"They believed him dead," returned the prior; "but he was only in a trance; and after he was screwed down in his coffin, just as they were about to lower it into the grave, they felt that something was moving within. They opened it, and Fra Dominique was found alive. It appeared, from his own account, that he had been suffering extremely from his dreadful dream, on occasion of the visit of some young stranger—an Englishman, I think."

"Myself, I have no doubt," said I.

"Probably," returned the prior; "and this was either the cause or the consequence of his illness, for it is difficult to decide which."

"But how came he here?" I inquired.

"It was in this monastery he commenced his voca-

tion," answered the padre. "He was only at Pierre Châtel by indulgence, and after this accident they did not wish to retain him."

"I do not wonder at that, I am sure," said I. "But why did he deny having been there? When I spoke of it to him just now, he only shook his head."

"He did not mean to deny it, I daresay," said the prior; "but he never speaks. Fra Dominique has taken a vow of eternal silence."

Here Charles Lisle brought his story to a conclusion. 'How extremely shocking!' exclaimed Lady Araminta; whilst the whole company agreed that he had made out an excellent excuse for wishing to sleep with his door locked, and that he had very satisfactorily entitled himself to the promised exchange.

BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKSELLERS are an ancient and venerable fraternity. They are associated so intimately with the production of literature, that they may almost be considered a sort of authors themselves. And many of them have been authors in reality, so easy is the transition from handling to making a book. Tonson, Dodsley, Richardson, Murray, and Constable, the great names of the profession, were all less or more bookseller-authors, and besides writing volumes themselves, were the cause of hundreds of volumes being written by others.

As old as literature itself, bookselling had its Augustan age from the era of Tonson to Constable, a space of about a hundred years, beginning in the early part of the eighteenth century. During that great epoch the 'trade' revelled in quartos and octavos. Hume, and all the other eminent authors, came out first in quarto—the lordly two-guinea quarto; and having satiated the more eager and deep-pursed part of the community in that agreeable form, down they reluctantly came to the octavo—the moderate middle-class-of-society twelve-shilling octavo. These, these were the days, Mr Rigmarole! Booksellers then were booksellers. To sell a dozen quartos in a forenoon was a satisfactory way of doing business. The transaction had a pleasing farewell flavour.

There is nothing certain in this unsteady world. The quarto and octavo era came to an end. It went out with George III., the last of the kings who wore powdered wigs. Then was let in a deluge of democratic shapes and prices. Duodecimo, post-octavo, eighteenmo, sixteenmo, and a hundred other vos and mos, bewildered the aged members of the profession. Books at three-and-sixpence and half-a-crown were a rank heresy. 'Literature is ruined, and we are ruined with it,' was the melancholy dirge sung by many a worthy bibliophile. Things, however, were not by any means at their worst; but fortunately all the old booksellers, who delighted in the sale of quartos, and constitutionally adhered to queues, were dead and in their graves before this revolutionary movement ensued. Easy, says the proverb, are the steps to destruction. The eighteenmo, and other transitional mos, having run their race, and half-crowns and shillings become no longer practicable, what did not 'the trade' endure when they saw an actual descent into brown money! This monstrous aggression on vested rights occurred in the reign of William IV., and was clearly one of those wicked attempts to founder the monarchy which marked that unhappy period.

Eighteen hundred and thirty-two, what have you not to answer for! Books at a penny! Worse still—books at a penny-halfpenny! Odd halfpence counted! How on earth would it be possible to reckon a profit of five-and-twenty per cent. on three-halfpence? Plain figures could not do it. It would require decimal fractions; but then where was the coinage to meet such a state

of infinitesimal reckoning? The legislature ought certainly to interfere. If it did not, there was only one hope left, and that was, that every one of the brown-money intruders would very shortly be ruined!

In this manner, with blended feelings of consolation and despair, the bookselling world looked on the revolution from silver to copper which broke out in 1832. As is always the case in revolutions, the universal notion was, that things would by and by return to their wonted condition, and that all would go on comfortably as usual—meaning thereby that the cheap-sheet nonsense would soon explode, and no more about it. This expectation was not creditable to the acumen of the bibliopolic community. Instead of setting their faces so generally against the change, and prophesying all sorts of bad endings to the new régime, they should have perceived—Jacob Tonson and Dodsley would have done so—that the cheap-sheet idea was nothing more than an exponent of the age. In the progress of human affairs, a time had arrived when nobody had any guineas, half-crowns, or shillings to spend on books. There was nothing left in the pockets of the human race but a few odd pence and halfpence. But, deplorable as was such a catastrophe, it happened that there was still as much money in the world as ever. The only novelty was, the dispersion of the money through a great many pockets: there being, for example, eight men each with three-halfpence, in place of one who formerly had a shilling. The change was not confined to books. Every object which could be manufactured by the agency of wheels instead of men and women's fingers, similarly, and about the same time, came down in price with a marvellous celerity. Where is the haberdasher who cannot show a piece of beautiful lace, which, within his remembrance, was sold at half-a-crown a yard, but is now offered at the humble price of three-halfpence?

Of all mad ideas, that is the maddest which anticipates a return of old usages in trade. Yet how common to see men endowed with rationality standing coolly by, in the hope that affairs will resume their previous character, and with all their might denouncing changes of which it should have been their duty to take advantage. One of the first principles of commercial wisdom consists in a ready adaptation to what is evidently about to become a new fashion of taste. To stand aloof and jeer is a piece of short-sighted folly, which carries with it its own punishment; because others less scrupulous minister to the popular fancy, and speedily leave their brethren nothing to laugh at but their own incredulity. Booksellers, we fear, were too long sceptical as to the permanency or propriety of the cheaper class of publications. Many, resisting them as long as possible, have even at the last given but a faint and ungracious adherence to that great modern principle of trade—small profits on numerous transactions, instead of large profits on few transactions. On the whole, however, considerable allowances for an entirely altered state of things require to be made. Booksellers with neat counters and prim shelves could not, with complacency, see the disorderly intrusion of bales of loose sheets, which threatened a demand for new accommodation, new book-keeping, and an addition of sundry new hands. The truth is, the poor 'trade' were taken a good deal by surprise, and out of that state they have not all as yet been able to come.

So much may be granted by way of palliation; but unfortunately no degree of allowance can exactly mend the matter. To our mind the fact is as clear as the sun at noonday, that the existing bookselling apparatus has failed as an engine for the distribution of cheap literary sheets. To do justice to the recent innovations, an entirely new system of trade, supplementary to the other, would be desirable, in order to bring the distributive into harmony with the productive. Here is the way the thing stands. Twenty years ago, books were generally printed in small editions of seven hundred and fifty or one thousand copies; and for the distribution of these limited quantities the bookselling

trade was strictly and well adapted. A new order of affairs ensued. Sheets, each a book of its kind, are printed by machinery to the extent of hundreds of thousands of copies. The number of sheets which our own machines alone turn out annually is ten millions; and this is but a fragment of the new kind of trade in literature. It may seem that, if we can manage to distribute ten millions of sheets through the ordinary channels of trade, there is nothing to complain of. This is reasoning which would do for the eighteenth, not for the nineteenth century. Let us grapple with particulars. Of each number of our Journal, about eighty thousand copies have for years been distributed. Fifty thousand of these are issued in monthly parts, and such are, to all intents and purposes, monthly magazines, purchased by the higher-class families. Thirty thousand are disposed of in single sheets, the way we really wish the work to be sold. Now, what are these thirty thousand cheap sheets among twenty-eight millions of people? Say that, with our Miscellany of Tracts, and other things, we dispose of two hundred thousand sheets per week, what is even that amount to the reading population of the British islands and colonies? Our object all along has been to reach the masses, but we cannot get to them. In vain, as we said in a late article, do we cheapen literature to the verge of non-productiveness; the persons for whom we write and incur hazards are not those, generally speaking, who become our purchasers. Our sheets are addressed to the cottage fireside; they find their way to drawing-rooms. Mr Knight—of whom the 'trade' have no little reason to be proud—makes, we believe, a similar remark. There is, he observes, a universal tendency for sheets to run into the book form; the proper interpretation of which seems to be, that the enginery for sheet distribution is imperfect, and that booksellers generally encourage the monthly part or book form, as every way less troublesome.

The great question, however, remains—Do the masses, that is, the bulk of the manual labouring classes in town and country, really wish to buy literary sheets? Is it not all a delusion and fallacy for publishers like ourselves to imagine that these classes have a taste for reading, or that it is possible to create such a taste in them? After making every proper allowance for the unsuitableness of existing literary sheets, our own included, to the tastes of the working-classes, we are inclined to think that a large proportion of them would become purchasers if the article were brought distinctly within their reach. At present, few of them enter booksellers' shops; and unless a person frequent these establishments, he cannot, according to old-established usage, become a buyer of books. The only sure way to reach the masses is to act aggressively—take the booksellers' shop to their doors and firesides, and let them see and handle what is going on in the department of literature specially addressed to them. But who could undertake to send salaried agents to the doors of all the working-people of Great Britain, in the hope of selling them halfpenny tracts? There appears to us to be only two means by which the thing could be feasibly attempted. One would consist in country booksellers greatly altering the style of their operations. Instead of laying a parcel of new tracts or cheap popular books on their counters, and there letting them take their chance, they might either proceed themselves, or send persons in their employment, to call on all parties around likely to become purchasers. If well-worked, such a system would carry literature into every neighbourhood, and probably extend the sale of cheap and useful books immensely; and it would have the advantage of being carried out at scarcely any expense.

Should provincial booksellers find it inconvenient or impracticable to institute any such process, then another distributive enginery might be attempted. Small shopkeepers in the country, or in densely-peopled neighbourhoods, might safely and profitably adventure in the trade of selling cheap and popular tracts; and so

might individuals out of employment take up the business of hawking articles of this kind. A number of instances have come to our knowledge of parties, formerly in wretchedness, making a good livelihood by this easily-conducted trade, while at the same time they greatly extended the taste for popular literature. In a large town, where the sale of our Journal could not by the usual means be raised above fifty copies, an enterprising individual, stepping beyond the bounds of the 'trade,' elevated it with ease to twelve hundred copies. In another, but much larger town, the sales of our publications generally have been latterly doubled, merely by a bookseller in the place having incited a few men in poor circumstances to become peripatetic dealers. There is not one of these men, he tells us, who sells fewer than forty volumes daily of our *Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts* immediately after their publication; and all this over and above what the regular trade were in the habit of distributing. These, and other circumstances, convince us that the process of distributing literature has fallen considerably behind the age, and admits of prodigious extension through the agency of a new class of tradesmen acting aggressively on the masses.

Whether these rambling observations may have the effect of calling into existence such an agency as we speak of, is of course to be determined by time alone; but we mention a fact, by way of showing that our ideas on the subject are not altogether visionary. One day, about nine or ten years ago, a young man from the country waited upon us to crave our assistance. He was not begging. He told us that he had been a hand-loom weaver; that his trade was gone; that he could no longer subsist by it; and that he was determined to try something else. He said he had always had a taste for reading, and he fancied that he could make a livelihood by going about the country selling books and tracts. The only difficulty was this—he had no capital to begin with. Would we give him credit? All he wished was a small stock of our publications, to the value of £2; and to show that we might rely on his integrity, he produced a certificate of character from the minister of a congregation to which he had been some years attached. This little bit of paper was all the young man had to depend on. His fate trembled on our decision. Starvation in one scale of the balance, a comfortable independence in the other. The latter went down with a bang. We gave him the credit he required. He sold the books in a few days, and came to pay some of his debt, and get more books. In a few days, again, he sold these, paid up a little more of his debt, and again had a fresh supply. Thus he went on, always getting the more cheerful and enterprising; extending his business round the country, and realising a comfortable livelihood. Where and what is he doing now? That once object hand-loom weaver is at this moment a respectable bookseller in a country town, with a number of persons in his employment. From first to last he has dispersed a large quantity of our sheets and books; and of other publications his sales have doubtless been far more considerable.

The success of this person, whom we may call hand-loom weaver No. 1, incited another individual, whom we may call hand-loom weaver No. 2, to try the same sort of trade. We likewise granted him credit on the like terms; and he also, we are glad to say, turned out well, and is now in respectable circumstances. Hearing of all this, hand-loom weaver No. 3 made his appearance; and he, after a little inquiry, was placed on the same footing with his predecessors. No. 3, however, was a failure. Having got the two pounds' worth of credit, we never saw him more. The cash he got into his hands proved too heavy a temptation. There were, in his opinion, a great many good drams and bottles of porter in two pounds. And to indulge his appetite in these, he sacrificed a lifetime of respectability and comfort. At this moment he is precisely in the position from which he made the too ambitious effort some years

ago to raise himself. In these anecdotes do we not see a miniature of the social world?—the true and honest man getting forward in his arduous enterprises; the false, the self-indulgent, the indolent, lost in the great gulf of human wretchedness.

JACQUES LAFITTE.

'If men make their boast of the honourable name, the rank in life, which they inherit from their fathers, why should it not be a much nobler boast to owe only to myself, to my own talent, my genius, my industry, name, and fortune, and position in society—to make them all, in short, for myself?'

Such were the reflections of a youth who, one morning in the year 1787, was hurrying, in much apparent agitation, along the street of the *Chaussee d'Antin*, and who now stopped, as if undecided what to do, before one of the handsomest hotels in Paris, which had been long the abode of a great banker.

No sooner had he passed through the gate, than a very natural feeling of timidity made the youth draw back a few steps, while his mild and pleasing countenance seemed to assume a still more pensive expression as his eye for a moment fell upon his plain coarse garb. The courage which had led him on so far had suddenly abandoned him, and he would have gone away as he came, if the concierge, or house-porter, who had been for some moments watching and smiling at his embarrassment, had not advanced towards him and inquired what he wanted.

'I wish to see Monsieur Perregaux,' replied he, encouraged by something in the look of the man.

'You can walk up stairs,' answered the porter, pointing to a wide handsome staircase, which our young hero ascended as if every step was made of fire, so much did he dread cutting with his hob-nailed and dusty shoes the soft rich carpets which covered it.

In the anteroom he found a great many people, and stood modestly in a corner, while the big tears were trembling in his eyes as he thought of his native town, of the paternal roof, of the companions of his childhood, and of the last adieu of his mother—her anguish, her fears, her admonitions.

'You have here a humble home, but still a home,' said she weeping; 'what do you expect to do at Paris?'

'I want to make my fortune,' replied the young man, 'and then to share it with you, and my father, and my brothers.'

'Fortune does not always come to him who seeks,' said the anxious mother.

'But it never comes to those who do not seek,' replied the young enthusiast.

'Well,' said the fond mother, 'go, if it must be so; but should you not succeed, do not be ashamed to return to us. The house of your father, and the arms of your mother, will be ever open to you, and like the prodigal, you shall have the fatted calf killed for you.'

He had laughed in his youthful ardour at the puerile fears of his mother. 'Not succeed!' said he to himself; 'impossible!' Nor was his faith shaken in the morning on which he left his home; for that morning was a lovely one in April, and how could he distrust the gracious providence of God, whilst the very air he breathed seemed redolent with his goodness? But as he drew near the end of his journey, the goal of his hopes, he began to feel some misgivings; and by degrees they took such possession of his mind, and of every faculty, that at the moment it came to his turn to have an audience of the banker, he would gladly have been anywhere else.

Monsieur Perregaux was standing in the window: he was reading a letter, and hardly raised his eyes as the youth entered, as if awaiting his speaking; but hearing nothing but a hurried breathing, he at length looked up, and perceived a very pleasing countenance, and lips parted as if to address him, but no sound was audible.

'You wished to see me, sir?' said the banker so courteously, that the youth recovered his voice and courage sufficiently to reply.

'Sir,' said he, 'I have neither name, nor fortune, nor station, but I have the will and the power to labour. Can you give me a place in your office? The lowest would satisfy me.'

'What is your name, young man?' asked M. Perre-gaux, unable to take his eyes off his interesting countenance, and reading talent in the bright eye that, in renewed hope, now fearlessly met his.

'Jacques Lafitte,' was the answer.

'Your age?'

'I am twenty; I was born in 1767,' answered he.

'Are you a Parisian?' was the banker's next question.

'No, sir; I am from Bayonne,' answered Jacques.

'What is your father?' rejoined the banker.

'He is a carpenter,' replied the youth; 'but he has ten children,' he hastily added, 'and I am come to Paris to try to help my father to support them.'

'It is a laudable design, young man,' answered the banker, 'but I have no place vacant.' Then added, as he saw the utter disappointment that marked that expressive countenance, 'at present at least. I am sorry that it is so, but another time, perhaps.' Then dismissing the youth with a courteous but imperative gesture, he was obliged to retire.

Everything seemed to swim before his eyes. He knocked up against the door, which he forgot to open; his foot slipped in the anteroom; and he nearly fell down the staircase. All the courage he had exerted—and more is necessary than may be at first imagined in addressing a great man and asking a favour of him—all this courage had failed as he heard the words of the rejection. He felt a kind of shame, nay, almost of remorse, at having exposed himself to a refusal; and the last words of the banker, and the last words of his mother, seemed ringing in his ears.

Slowly and with downcast eyes he was crossing the banker's courtyard, when a pin on the ground caught his attention. He stooped, picked it up, and stuck it carefully in the lining of the cuff of his coat. This action, trifling as it was, decided the fortunes of the carpenter's son.

M. Perre-gaux was still standing in the window, unable to shake off the painful impression left by the look of almost agonised disappointment which his refusal had called up to the interesting countenance of the young petitioner. Involuntarily he gazed after him till he left the room, and still followed him with his eyes as he crossed the court with slow and languid step, his youthful figure drooping under disappointment, and deep dejection marking every feature. Suddenly he saw him stoop to some object too minute for him to distinguish from the window, and pick it up. By the use he made of it, the banker guessed what it must be; and the strong impression made by this little incident upon his mind, is perhaps inconceivable by those who know not how accurately character may be estimated by trifles. It was sufficient to enable M. Perre-gaux to discern in the youthful suitor he had rejected a mind trained to order and economy. 'The man,' he said, 'who would not let even a pin be lost, must have habits of calculation, order, and steadiness;' and opening the window, he gave a slight cough. Jacques looked up, and saw the banker beckoning to him to come back. Quickly was he again on the handsome staircase; but we will not say that this time he was quite as cautious of spoiling the carpets; and once more he stood, with head erect, in the presence of the banker.

'You will grant my request?' said he to him in a tone of happy confidence.

'What makes you so sure?' asked the banker with a smile.

'Why otherwise would you have called me back?' said Lafitte.

'Quick intellect, order, and economy!—you ought to make a good clerk,' was the cordial response of M. Per-

re-gaux. 'Go to the bank; I shall be there immediately, and will set you to work.'

Such a mind as that of Jacques Lafitte could not long remain in a subordinate capacity. The Revolution broke out. At the time of the Assembly of Notables he was book-keeper; then cash-keeper; and in 1804, partner to M. Perre-gaux; and soon after, his successor and executor. In 1809 he was appointed director, and in 1814 president of the Bank of France, having been previously made president of the Chamber of Commerce, and judge of the Tribunal of Commerce for the Seine department, which in 1816 he was chosen to represent in the Chamber of Deputies. After the Revolution of July 1830, he filled some of the highest offices of the state. His whole career was honourable to himself and beneficial to others. Honourable to himself, for he was indebted, under Providential blessing, to his own talent and irreproachable conduct for his brilliant success; and useful to others, for he never lost an opportunity of doing good. His benefits are still fresh in the memory—the heart-memory—of many. A child of the people himself, he never forgot the first day he stood a suppliant in the anteroom of M. Perre-gaux; and never did heavy heart, that he could relieve of its burden, return unrelieved.

He died on the 26th of March 1844. Some short time before, he had sent for his grandchildren, the children of his only daughter, the Princess de la Moskova; and having embraced them, and taken a tender leave of his wife, and daughter, and son-in-law, he gently expired without a struggle or any apparent suffering.

NATURE AT WAR.

THIRD ARTICLE.

I HAVE described the wise and complicated provisions against danger from without which the system of created beings has been endowed; but it must be observed that a great portion of the weapons thus catalogued as mere defensive instruments, become, with equal facility, powerful organs of offence; and according to the circumstances, habits, or emergencies, may be used at all times in subservience to either end. It is my business now to direct attention more particularly to the aggressions of the animal kingdom—to that which, in a few words, may be designated as the system of prey. Before, it was the implements of conflict and protection; now, it is the warfare itself which is to be discussed. That the face of nature should be found, on a due examination, to be stained with blood and deformed with civil war; that it should be an ordinance of creation that the life of one should depend upon the death of another creature; that this green world should be the great theatre in which myriads of bloody dramas are daily enacted—all this, as has been remarked formerly, is sufficiently startling to him who holds narrow views of the system which governs our world. Yet I must be content to leave its defence for a future occasion, while it is my endeavour at present to trace still further the wisdom and design of the Creator of all things in the development of the second feature of our interesting subject. In considering it attentively, it will be found to resolve itself into two great divisions, to which almost all examples are reducible; these are *strategic* and *open warfare*.

I shall commence with *stratagems*. Of all predatory devices, that which involves the greatest apparent amount of superior sagacity is the *trap* or *snare*. It is a curious subject for reflection to find one creature thus employing its apparently superior intelligence to effect the destruction of some less gifted or differently gifted one; but the fact that, in preparing these devices, the creature is only acting in obedience to an impulse with which it has been endowed, and is consequently displaying no really higher amount of sagacity than that of the bird in preparing its nest, the rabbit its burrow,

the bee its cell, divests it of that undue claim upon our surprise with which the enthusiastic among the lovers of natural history would endow it. Traps and gins are not, however, by any means common artifices; but the interest which naturally attaches to such instances, wherever they exist, outbalances their deficiency in numerical variety. In the formation of these traps, the most wonderful evidences of engineering and mathematical capabilities are to be found united to a heroic patience under difficulties, and perseverance against obstacles, which might well read a moral lesson to mankind. The pitfall is a stratagem of this nature. The larva of a particular species of beetle, the *cicindela*, hollows out for itself a den which in some measure acts as a trap for all unwary insects that draw near it. The insect, after choosing an appropriate soil, immediately applies itself to its work, and commences operations by scooping out the earth with its jaws and feet. These labours it continues until it has formed a cylindrical cavity twelve or eighteen inches deep, the bore of which is perpendicular. The laborious little workman, in making this excavation, is obliged to bring up load after load of earth, like a bricklayer his mortar, upon its head from the very bottom of the pit. When the depth of the pit is remembered, a proper value will be set upon the arduous nature of this travail: the poor insect, in fact, is frequently so exhausted, as to be compelled to rest upon its way up to recover strength to proceed; an event which has been foreseen, and to provide for which it has an apparatus somewhat like an anchor, by which it can hold on to the sides of the cavity. The *cicindela* then secures itself to the inside of the hole, near its entrance, its head exactly fitting the aperture, and forming a kind of trap-door to it. Here the insect, in philosophic patience, and with its terrible jaws widely expanded, awaits the arrival of its prey. A vagrant beetle, or a stray caterpillar, or a heedless ant, comes by and by, steps upon the insect's head, and is instantly seized by it, and hurled to the bottom of its gloomy den, whither the successful stratagist instantly follows, to reap the reward of its ingenuity and the fruits of its patient labour.

There is a more famous pit-digger, however, to be found in the ant-lion, the *Myrmelcon formicarius*; and here we shall find a far more refined subtlety at work. When it is in the larva state, it excavates a funnel-shaped pit in the following manner. It seems to spend much care and thought in the selection of a proper spot, where the earth is dry, friable, and particularly where it is sandy; and this accomplished, it begins by describing a circle on the ground, the circumference of which is to be the limit of its trap. It then stations itself inside this line, and, with all the method of a human excavator, begins its work. It uses one of its fore-legs as the spade, and shovels up by this means a tiny load of earth upon its head, tossing it thence to a distance of several inches from the outer margin of the trap. Working assiduously in this apparently awkward fashion, it proceeds backwards; and when it has completed the circle, it turns round, and beginning another inside the last, it works on until it comes to the same spot again; and so on alternately. By this simple means it never overworks either of its legs. It steadily proceeds in its labour, until at length a conical hole, varying from one to three inches in diameter, is formed. The labourer then buries his body at the bottom of the trap, being careful to leave only his jaws above the surface, and thus he lies waiting for the first windfall. The reader will find, in writings upon entomology, most captivating accounts of this creature's wonderful patience and adaptive skill, to which it is sufficient for me to refer him if he seeks to know more concerning it. When an insect approaches the margin of the den, a little shower of sand rolls down, and calls the ant-lion to the *qui vive*; a step farther, and the intruder stumbles over the edge, and tumbles down, in a cloud of dust, into the embrace of its ruthless enemy. It is then instantly seized in the powerful jaws of the ant-lion; its juices

are sucked out; and when sated with the draught, the artful epicure places the dead dry carcase carefully on its head, and carts it out of the pit. Sometimes the victim makes a struggle for its life, and scrambles with the speed of terror up the treacherous sides of the den; but in this case the ant-lion sends after it such volleys of sand, as usually bring the fugitive down again into its enemy's power.

These devices for entrapping prey are practised by insects generally possessed of very feeble locomotive powers, and appear otherwise incapable of obtaining a single mouthful of food. The ant-lion, for instance, cannot pursue its fleet-legged prey, and is, in truth, altogether unable to move in any but a retrograde direction; but ample compensation is to be found in the success of his stratagem, which is in general so great, as to supply a very dainty creature with an abundance of that refined sort of sustenance in which it delights. The margins of these traps, all bestrewn as they are with the mangled carcases of the victims of this destroyer, remind one of the old fables of the giants who feasted upon human victims, and covered the plain in the vicinity of their dens with the bones and mangled remains of their unfortunate prey.

Next in order in this stratagetic warfare, we meet with the system of gins. But both it and the preceding are artifices almost confined to insect warfare. The spider's web may be taken as the type of such plans in general. In its structure, in its adaptation to situation and circumstances, and in its different degrees of strength, are to be found the sole varieties which we are to expect in this department. The nets are of many different kinds. Some, from the geometric accuracy of their lines, have received a correspondent title; some are woven with apparently no such rigid arrangement, but consist simply of threads intricately interlaced, forming a cloud-like fabric which no human art can imitate; some are suspended perpendicularly, their ends tied to the sprigs and leaves around; while others are laid horizontally, swinging like a hammock from a stalwart series of supporting blades of grass. There is a kind of spider, common enough in Britain, which, after carefully constructing its net, forms a delicate cell for its own concealment somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood, at the bottom of which it crouches down in expectation of its prey. Others cast forth and fasten down blue and delicate tacklings in an indiscriminate manner, trusting to chance to direct some insect against them. The lines of several kinds are covered with amazingly minute floccules of silk, which wrap round and firmly entangle any insect which casts itself against them. Among other varieties of spider network, is one which consists in a delicate purse-like cell forming the centre, from the margin of which several lines radiate in every direction. The spider places itself in this cell, taking hold of these lines; and as soon as an insect touches any portion of her tackling, rushes out from her concealment to the attack. Many of my readers must have seen, stretched upon the hedgerow, all glistening with drops of dew, a delicate whitish-looking net; this is the work of a spider which is concealed at the bottom of a silken-covered way near its margin, where it 'hides its time.' Add to these the performances of the aeronautic spiders, about which so much has been, and remains to be, written, and the list of web-like devices may be called complete.

To turn to the artifice of baits. This is altogether confined to the higher orders of creatures, and is a rarity even among them. It is well known that monkeys, and it is related that the racoon, when driven by want of other food to prey upon crabs, insert their tails into the holes where the crab lives secure; upon which the victim fastens upon the bait with its claws, and the monkey immediately runs away, dragging the crab out of its cell up the beach, when the ravisher breaks the shell and devours its contents. The ant-eater affords a remarkable illustration also of a similar ingenuity. This creature, on discovering an ant-hill,

stamps and scratches upon it with its feet, and makes such a noise, as to draw forth thousands of its angry tenants. It is then said to conceal itself in the herbage, and to thrust out its tongue, which is slimy, red, and about two feet long, into the midst of the swarm. The insects perceiving such a tempting morsel of red flesh within reach, crowd upon it, and cover it all over: and there they are held by the glairy viscosity of the tongue, and are drawn into the ant-eater's mouth and devoured. It is said that if the ants will not come out readily, the ant-eater will knock down their houses, and thrust his tongue into the thickest of the infuriated insects, being able to bid defiance to their attacks by reason of his impenetrable hide. Desmarest asserts that the *gulo*, or glutton, will mount up trees, gather the lichen from them, and fling it down as a bait for the reindeer, upon whose neck it drops if the bait is successful. This is not credited, however, by other naturalists. Pliny says that the *Lophius piscatorius*, or sea-devil, buries itself in the mud, and leaves only its long beards to be seen above the surface: the smaller fish seize upon these as bait, and are immediately drawn into the angler's mouth. It is only fair to add that this still rests upon his authority alone.

Ambuscades are a far more common means of capture among all classes of the animal kingdom. Evelyn in his travels in Italy gives a most amusing account of the manoeuvres of a spider which he denominates a *hunter*, and stigmatises with being a kind of insect-wolf. This creature, it seems (which is also common in our gardens), on perceiving a fly at a little distance, would cautiously creep up to it, and after peeping over and carefully ascertaining the insect's position, would leap upon him like lightning, catch him in the fall, and never quit her hold until her belly was full. Lying in ambush is the customary resort of many carnivorous animals; thus the lion, tiger, panther, lynx, and many more of the feline tribe, bury themselves in the recesses of the bush or brake, or with a subtler cunning seek out some biding-place near the water-track of deer or cattle, and bound upon their quarry with a terrific war-whoop. Some of them climb up trees, and patiently rest upon their branches until the prey passes beneath, when they shoot down upon its back. The *ichneumon*, in embellishing whose natural history inventive talent has exhausted itself, is related to feign himself dead until his victim is within reach, when he pounces upon and destroys it. The wretched Egyptians adored this brute as a deity, from the service it rendered them in the destruction of the eggs of the crocodile. It used to be said that the ichneumon darted down the crocodile's throat, and destroyed it by devouring its entrails, and then ate its way out again! The cheetah and ounce, which are used in hunting the antelope, are the exact parallels of the venatorial spider. These creatures, when they perceive their prey in view, creep stealthily along the ground, concealing themselves carefully from sight, and when they have reached within leap of the herd, they make several immense bounds, and dart in upon them.

This is a sketch of the *types* of the stratagetic warfare carried on in all portions of the kingdom of nature. A scene of blood and rapacity opens upon us when we turn to the other division of our subject—*open war*. Among all classes, to speak generally of the animal kingdom, there exists this division—carnivorous and herbivorous animals; some being partakers of both peculiarities, and therefore called omnivorous. One of these great classes subsists by making war upon its own department in creation; the other by preying upon the vegetable productions of the earth: and so intimate is the connexion between bloodshed and ferocity, that, as a common rule, the creatures belonging to the first class are conspicuous for their savage, unappeasable, untameable dispositions, while the latter are peaceful, and, excepting in the event of an attack, commonly inoffensive animals. Thus it is with the predaceous of the carnivorous kind that our present

business lies. Giving once more a brief precedence to insects, we find scorpions and others furious cannibals, and after a general combat, setting to and devouring the dead bodies of their slain. There is a sand-wasp or *sphex*, which is a fierce creature too; he will pounce upon larvae, large spiders, and other insects, and even cockroaches, plunging his sting into their bodies, and then at leisure consuming them. Some flies will also thrust their prey, small aphides, through with their weapons, and devour them in astonishing numbers. Kirby gives a very pretty account of the destruction wrought by our familiar little friend the lady-bird, which, he says, does incredible service to the hop-growers by consuming tens of thousands of the hop-fly. When the cicindela is in its perfect state, it is also a fearful destroyer of the insect race. Linnaeus has called it the insect tiger. It has formidable jaws and fangs, and from its strength, vigilance, and velocity, is the terror of the insect world. The dragon-fly, or *libellulina*, is equally terrible, both in its larva and pupa states. An anecdote is related of a combat between the pupa of a dragon-fly and a stickleback, in which the former with its jaws and forceps attacked the stickleback, and after an obstinate and bloody contest, at length obtained the victory. Wasps, ants, hornets, earwigs, water scorpions, and many others, labour under the same stigma. Some of them seem almost to murder for murder's sake, and will destroy a number of insects without an attempt to devour them. In fact these insects scarcely seem to know what the sentiment of fear is, and with surprising courage will attack and overcome enemies much their superiors in size.

The carnivorous birds likewise wage a deadly warfare upon their own race, and upon the weaker animals. They are generally solitary creatures. To use Goldsmith's words—'They prowl alone, and, like robbers, enjoy in solitude the fruits of their plunder. They spread terror wherever they approach: all that variety of music which but a moment before enlivened the grove, at their appearing is instantly at an end: every order of lesser birds seek for safety either by concealment or flight, and some are even driven to take protection with man, to avoid their less merciful pursuers.' The eagle, in the stern majesty of superior strength and fierceness, is the head of rapacious birds. In his wake follows the audacious and cunning osprey, which is guilty of both robbery and murder, darting upon diving birds, and snatching their prey from their beaks. The piggargus and the bal-buzzard are also constantly engaged in mutual warfare. The condor, by its size, weapons, and evil habits, ranks even higher for his deeds of blood. Humboldt asserts that this bird and its mate will attack a deer, wounding it with their beaks and talons until it drops with exhaustion, and is soon destroyed and devoured. He adds, that the mischief done to cattle and sheep in its vicinity is immense. The vulture, though entertaining a preference for the *haut goût* of corruption, will nevertheless pounce upon so large a creature as a heifer, if it lies down upon the ground, and succeed in destroying it. And last, not least ferocious, is the valiant shrike or butcher-bird, which seems possessed with a spirit of the intensest hatred to all the feathered race. Its name is derived from the circumstance that they are said, when they have killed their prey, to spit it, as human butchers their meat, upon some thorn, until they are at leisure to devour it. In mentioning further the names of the falcon, hawk, buzzard, and kite, and in barely alluding to the birds which go forth to prey at night, the subject will have received a sufficient illustration.

The ocean is the vast arena in which the practice of mutual destruction reaches its climax; for this reason, that fish, as a general rule, exist by devouring their smaller, weaker brethren, or are insectivorous creatures: so that, before the pike or the salmon can make a single meal, they must have imbrued themselves in the blood of some of the animated beings which crowd the waters or float in the air. The crustaceans—the crab

and lobster—particularly distinguish themselves in this conflict. With a courage inspired no doubt by conscious impregnability, some of them will go thrashing up the mud along shore, and recklessly seizing upon and devouring whatsoever comes within grasp of their Herculean forces. But when their moult comes on, when they have lost their stout defences, they are placed in a pitifully helpless condition, and in this state suffer the full vengeance of retribution, falling victims in myriads to the thousand chances and enemies of the sea. There is a species of *trochus*, or sea-snail, which is even more formidable than the crustaceans. This creature is a universal belligerent, and while dreaded himself, seems to dread no foe. He has a kind of borer, with which he will attack the thickest shell; and, like the gulo, assiduously stick to it until he has penetrated it, and destroyed its unfortunate occupant. The doredo, the mortal enemy of the persecuted flying-fish, is a very ravenous creature; and the shark, sword-fish, and dog-fish, whose ravages among the tenants of the waters are famous, have become familiar synonyms for rapacity and cruelty; while the great whale destroys at a gulp millions of the *clio borealis*. Among reptiles, the blood-thirsty crocodile occupies a prominent position: he is the enemy of man and beast; and whatsoever creature ventures down to his abode, he attacks with equal fearlessness and ferocity. Terrible battles between tigers and crocodiles are on record, in which, while in his own element, the latter has generally been victor.

Here I will take my leave of these deeds of animal rapacity. If the illustrations to which I have confined myself appear to the lover of natural history, as indeed they are, cramped and incomplete, it results not from the deficiency, but from the very superabundance of the material—the difficulty having been a sufficiently rigid selection and condensation.

VISIT TO RAGGED SCHOOLS IN LIVERPOOL.*

THE establishment of what were called 'Ragged Schools' in London, lately induced several benevolent and influential gentlemen of Liverpool to organise a few schools of the same kind in that town. Subscriptions were accordingly made, a managing committee appointed, rooms hired, and salaried professional teachers elected. The town of Liverpool contains large numbers of children who never attend day-schools, and who grow up with little or no school instruction. The field for such Ragged Schools is therefore very extensive. It was resolved by the committee that all children, from the ages of six to seventeen, should be allowed to attend the schools without any charge whatsoever. All who presented themselves were to be received; but to prevent overcrowding, as well as to restrict the schools to that class for which they were more particularly intended, none were taken who were actually in attendance at a day-school, unless there was sufficient room in the Ragged School for them. Operations were commenced in July 1846. The schools for boys meet every evening (excepting Saturday and Sunday), from seven to nine o'clock; and for girls on the same evenings, from half-past six to half-past eight o'clock. There are now in operation two schools for boys, containing one hundred and thirty, and two for girls, containing one hundred and forty pupils. A few notes of visits lately paid to these schools may perhaps be of interest to the readers of this Journal. It must be premised, that as yet the schools can only be considered in their infancy, and have been planted only in one quarter of the town. Their extension will of course depend upon the success of the plan, and the liberality of the public.

It was not an easy matter to reach the first school to which I was directed. At length I discovered it at the end of one of the streets leading to the docks, and in the midst of a locality suitable for its humane operations.

A low building, without windows to the street, through the door of which gleamed bright light, was the school. The interior was rude and rough, and the walls were little more than a shelter from the weather. The floor was flagged, the bare brick walls whitewashed, and there was no ceiling, the room being lighted during the day by skylights in the roof. A few seats and desks ranged in the room accommodated the pupils, about seventy-five in number; a small stage was erected for the teacher; and at one end of it an extempore form had been made by placing a rough board, with its end resting on empty barrels, on which several boys were seated, practising writing on slates. There was neither fireplace nor stove in the room, but it was well lighted by gas, the heat of which, combined with the respiration of the pupils, rendered the air most unhealthy.

It was indeed a 'Ragged School.' Cold as the night was, many of the boys wore neither shoes nor stockings. The clothes of many were in tatters, and had evidently had several owners before coming into the possession of their present wearers. A few were in fustian dresses that had long ago lost their whiteness in the workshop. The faces of several were very dirty, and their hair hung in tangled masses about their ears; but out of the dirt and disorder gleamed bright piercing eyes, whose lustre nothing appeared to dim. Many had evidently come to school with 'new-washed' evening 'face,' but not one came 'creeping like snail,' or unwillingly. The boys were of all ages, from six to seventeen, and were all busy and cheerful. There was only one exception. This was a strong wild lad, of about fifteen, who was resting his head on one of the benches, apparently asleep. He was dressed in a wide jacket of rough blue flannel, his hands and face were unwashed, and a phrenologist would have found in his head a remarkable development of Combateness and Destructiveness. This lad wrought in a foundry, and the teacher described him as the most troublesome pupil—a self-willed, mischievous boy, whom it was a relief to see doing *nothing*. Still, this lad had received a little smattering of knowledge. He was in course of being 'broken in,' and might (such things have been) become a rough energetic engineer on some line of railway not yet 'provisionally registered.' However, here he was reposing on the desk, under the master's platform, while an advanced class of about eight or ten boys, collected around him, were reading from Chambers's 'Simple Lessons.' The lesson was a short account of the life of Mungo Park, and was read in a very passable manner. The answers to the questions put to the boys showed how attentive they had been to the sense as well as the words. The lesson being finished, the master was about to collect the books, when he was called away, as he often necessarily was, to another part of the room. It was interesting to observe that the boys, instead of closing the books, laying them aside, and then teasing each other, as some would have expected, still continued to read, but not aloud; and when the master came back, the books were given up with the greatest reluctance, each boy retaining his as long as he possibly could. The books seemed to have opened up a new world, and appeared to convey a pleasure as intense as it was rare. One boy in this class, who was very intent on his book, was as 'dusty as a miller,' and I found that he was a baker's boy, whose daily employment for some years had been to go out with bread, and do other drudgery in a baker's shop. Here was another attentive lad, with blackened face and horny hands, who had been attentively listening to the story of Mungo Park, and who told the teacher, as he left school, that he could not attend during the following week, as he wrought in a foundry, and was then required to take his turn, with many others, at night-work. The teacher said that he had many such pupils.

On one of the platform seats were about a dozen young boys learning to write on slates placed on their knees. Some could write their own names, but the

* This article has been forwarded to us by a gentleman resident in Liverpool.—Ed. C. E. J.

majority were learning to form single letters. One little boy, about eleven years of age, was labouring anxiously to form the vowels on his slate. He was without stockings or shoes; his little clothes were ragged and worn, but there was an evident attempt to make them look as clean as could be. He said he had never attended a day-school in his life; that his mother was a widow, probably living in one of the Liverpool cellars; that she kept a mangle; and that he, poor little fellow, was required all day long, when he should have been at school, to attend and turn it. There he sat, his whole soul absorbed in the attempt to form the letters *a, e, i, o, u*. Beside him was a little rogue, younger even than himself, who had the good fortune to be attending a free day-school in connexion with a church, and who looked down on his less-favoured comrade as a peer would regard a commoner. Here, again, was another lad, about the same age, employed also in writing. This boy had been at a day-school. He was only twelve years old, and his school experience had already become a thing of the past. His father was a coal merchant in a small way, and this boy had, during the day, to go about with coals. A little further on was another writing-class, who had advanced so far as to write in books with pen and ink, and at a regular desk. At another bench was an arithmetic class; some learning to make figures, others working questions in proportion and simple interest. One rough, hardy, weather-beaten boy was as far as mensuration. He was an apprentice to a stone mason. Another boy, about fourteen, who attended a free-school during the day, was working questions in simple interest with great quickness and accuracy. In another corner of the room were four or five young boys learning the names of the letters of the alphabet, and also receiving some knowledge of objects by means of a few coloured drawings. The master was assisted in his labours by a few young men, who gave their services out of pure love for the work. There was more order preserved than might have been expected; and though the noise of so many classes proceeding at one time was considerable, still it was the noise of work, not of idleness.

The school closed at nine o'clock, and at half-past eight o'clock the books, slates, &c. were collected and put away. The boys all took their seats in front of the master, who read to them from the platform a portion of the life of Benjamin Franklin. It so happened that on this evening the teacher concluded the story of the life of Franklin, the same space on several previous evenings having been devoted to the rest of the life. The teacher took care to make the narrative as simple as possible, and made a practical application of the events in Franklin's life to the boys assembled, with the view of giving them encouragement not only in their studies, but likewise in their various occupations in life. It was really pleasant to notice the attention that prevailed among the boys, and the eagerness with which they drank in the narrative. Questions that were put to them elicited answers that showed they well remembered what had been told to them before. The greater number of these boys were engaged in labour of some kind during the day, and they were asked, in connexion with Franklin's life, if they liked to work? Only one boy, another apprentice in a foundry, answered 'No.' But on being questioned, he could give no reasons for his answer, and advantage was taken of the circumstance to give a short and pointed lecture to the school on the usefulness and honourableness of labour. A short hymn was then sung, in which all the boys joined, and the school closed.

The room in which this school met was, shortly after my visit, required as a soup-kitchen, and the boys were removed to another room in the same quarter of the town. Later in December I happened to pay a visit to it also. The room was used during the day as a girls' school, and was more convenient and comfortable, though not so large, as the first. It could not accommodate all the boys, and a desk and seats had to be

placed in the narrow lobby by which it was entered, to receive an advanced writing-class. On entering, two boys whom I had seen in the school at its old room sprang up, and asked me to decide which of their copy-books was the better written, both being quite proud of the progress they had made. In the room itself there was scarcely space to turn—boys reading, boys writing, boys calculating on every side. From this school I passed to another containing about forty boys, all of the same class as was found in that already described. Here the teacher was engaged with a class which was reading a poetical description of country life; and so completely town-bred and ignorant were nearly all the boys, that the teacher required to give an explanation of many of the unknown things alluded to in the lesson. The boys were most attentive, and read the lesson over and over again with great delight. In one corner I noticed three boys, the oldest about twelve, and the other two probably three years younger. Not one of the trio had either shoes or stockings; their dresses were all most ragged and torn; and they evidently belonged to the very lowest class of the population. 'The force of "raggedness" could no farther go.' One had a pencil in his hand, with which he pointed out to the others the names of the letters of the alphabet—an office that he performed with great pride and glee, in spite of his ragged clothes. His two pupils were all attention, and went over the names quite glibly. All the other boys were either writing on slates, or solving questions in the simple rules of arithmetic. One boy, about fifteen, was very vain of his progress, but he could not solve a question in multiplication. Though this lad was not at all dexterous in arithmetic, his 'education' had evidently been very extensive, for he was extremely sharp and 'wide awake.' His employment during the day was to carry out 'bottled porter' from a dealer to his customers.

Leaving this school, I proceeded to that for girls, which is kept in an airy room, well-lighted and heated. Two girls' schools have been established, both of which were obliged to meet in this room for a time, as the schoolroom of one was required for those boys who formerly met in that which is now the soup-kitchen. The girls were singing the closing hymn as I entered. There were nearly one hundred present, the majority being under fourteen years of age. Many were very young. They were much cleaner and neater in their appearance than the boys, and their conduct was far more orderly and quiet. At least one-half of them were without bonnets, and many had no shoes or stockings. The employments during the day of a great number of these girls are selling sand and wood-chips in the streets. They attend with considerable regularity, and two or three of the older girls have made sufficient progress to entitle them to become monitors. The girls' classes are conducted by female teachers, and kept altogether separate and distinct from those for boys.

A few other Ragged Schools have lately been opened in connexion with some of the places of worship in Liverpool.

Speaking generally, the pupils in these schools seemed to be careful, attentive, and diligent in their lessons, and their attendance is as regular as can be expected. The schools have now (January) been open without any interval for a period of six months; and many boys, as well as girls, have attended during the whole of that time.

Their attainments at entrance, as might be expected, were found very meagre, and it has been necessary to teach many their letters. The amount of instruction given in such schools must of course be small; for with such numbers of idle, undisciplined boys and girls, what can even the most iron-bodied and earnest-hearted teacher do? Still, these schools are doing good work. They descend to the very depths of society, and carry some glimmerings of light into the most benighted part of the population. They tame rudeness, and implant habits of decency and order, and that in itself is a great

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object. They create a taste for knowledge, which will remain with the pupils through life. It will be years before the fruits of the work are seen; but while many men of eminence have acknowledged themselves greatly indebted to the instruction received in charitable institutions, we may yet hear men declaring that they owe their distinction to the work which they began while ragged boys in a 'Ragged School.'

THE ART-UNION.

THAT the present is a great and satisfactory epoch in the progress of the British nation, can hardly be doubted. Former times had their men, but now we have a general diffusion of the things which made the men illustrious. The age has neither a Shakspeare nor a Milton, but the capacity to apprehend and appreciate both is far more common than in their own day. We no longer write, perhaps, like the giant authors of old, for distant generations: genius no longer turns away, sick and indignant, from the unconsciousness around, to fix its longing gaze on futurity. Our great living writers are the exponents of their own time, and a man who has anything to say worth the hearing, is sure to find a numerous and intelligent audience.

The advance of the national mind is satisfactory, not so much from its rapidity, as from its consistency. Although some departments of knowledge may be less cultivated than others, we are now generally informed and enlightened people; and although the direct tendency of the age may be towards the useful and practical, we are far from neglecting the beautiful and ideal. This indeed may almost be said to involve a distinction without a difference; for the influence of both upon the minds and moral destinies of men is pretty nearly alike. At all events, luxury appears to succeed comfort by a natural law, and the cultivation of taste to grow out of the abundance of coarser acquisitions. The cotton manufacture, for instance, was an achievement of the practical spirit of the age. It gave us cheap clothing, but it did not stop there. Possessing cheap clothing, we set to work to improve and adorn it; till what was at first a source of mere animal comfort, became a fountain of taste and elegance.

If the triumphs of art do not in our day keep pace with the triumphs of science, there is at least a feeling for the beautiful diffused much more widely among the people than at any former period of the national progress; and as sound principles of taste are all-important in a state of movement like ours, we are proportionably pleased with the success of a journal devoted to the task of affording the public 'the means of justly ascertaining and estimating the progress of art.' The 'Art-Union' is now too well known to require any detail of its objects; but we may inform such of our readers as are not already acquainted with it, that they will find in its pages every kind of information concerning art and artists, both in this country and abroad, and that the work takes its name from the alliance which has of comparatively late years been established between the fine and useful arts. The chief literary feature of the part commencing the New-Year, is a statement of the Prospects of British Art, in which we are well pleased to find just discredit thrown upon government patronage, and the best influence declared to be that of 'educated example acting upon a sensitive, generally educated people.'

'Exhibitions of the fine arts,' says our author, 'and expositions of the manufacturing and mechanical arts, are now common to all our large towns; and we defy the greatest sceptic to doubt that there is real progress. In decorative art there has been also a great advance. To the advantages derived from science as applied to the arts, and of which we have almost daily evidence, it is unnecessary for us to do more than allude. Of

architecture we shall speak with reference only to that which is observable in street improvements; particular buildings indicate alone the talent of some eminent architect—a point we are not discussing; but it is from general results we must deduce the proof of general progress. Judging by this, then, who can deny that, within the last twenty years, greater general progress has been made than in a century prior to that date? The buildings in the new streets of the metropolis exhibit at intervals a well-designed and richly-decorated mass, or are marked with breadth and simplicity, combined with much novelty and appropriate treatment. Many houses recently erected also, such as those at Kensington—although at times reminding us of some delineated by Durand—have at least this merit, that, if not entirely original, they possess grandeur, and are effective. Not the least cheering in this branch of art, too, is the fact, that almost all our recent public buildings, of which opinion has favourably spoken, are from designs of artists comparatively unknown.' In painting, we are declared to rival fairly the French and German schools; many of our artists exhibiting 'a vigorous and pure imagination, great knowledge of character, skill in its delineation, aptitude to represent the dramatic incidents of life with truth, and domestic scenes with feeling.' Sculpture is said to be 'chiefly resigned to busts;' but surely some mention might have been made of the works, few as they may be, which give its character in this department to the time. In engraving, 'English artists occupy confessedly a very high place.' But they are unable to rival the productions of the continental engravers of the works of the great Italian masters, just as in painting we fall short of the genius of the latter themselves.

The prospects of art are declared to be highly satisfactory. 'We know it is the custom to assert of the aristocracy and the upper classes, that art among them is considered only as the appanage of rank and wealth; but it is not so. Knowledge and taste are combined, among the majority of these classes, with a liberal appreciation of the artist. Neither is this a mere fashionable, but a truly intellectual feeling. Thus we find in the manufacturing districts manifest signs of improvement—in design, in the chemical knowledge of colour, the laws of its employment, greater novelty and correctness of form; and that works of the commonest kind are now conducted upon principles which produce the highest. That an improved feeling does exist, we are proud to acknowledge, and far more to admit and to combine with it that which is observable among the middle and lower classes. There is now hardly a house you enter in which some engraving at least is not found, after an English artist, that, but two generations ago, would have been held as only suited to the palace. No love of art! Go into the cottages of the poor, and see how art has displaced the prints of the "Twelve Knights," the titular "St George and very Apocryphal Dragon," the "Golden Game of Goose," and tawdry dramatic incidents from the stores of Messrs Belch and Langley, by Scripture illustrations, and cheap reproductions of works of a good class. No love of art! Why, art has descended to tablecloths, and refines even the productions of papier mâché. We repeat again, let our readers but refer to the pages of the "Art-Union" for the last year; it will guarantee our assertion of the present progress, and our hope of the future prospects of art as founded upon that progress. Yes, great as has been the extension of literature, will be that also of art; for art appeals to the same faculties of the mind for its appreciation. Like literature, it has its origin in fancy and the imagination, and is equally the type and relater of moral and historic truth.'

This part, like many former portions of the 'Art-Union,' contains numerous specimens of engraving of very high merit. A portrait of the Queen, by H. Robinson, after a miniature by R. Thorburn, is the frontispiece, and will probably be considered the best resemblance extant. A fairy tale by Mrs S. C. Hall,

* A Monthly Journal, 4to., with illustrations. Published by Chapman and Hall, London.

which in itself is one of the chief attractions, is exquisitely illustrated in wood; and, upon the whole, in estimating the prospects of British art, we ought to include among the best evidences on the favourable side, the enlarged size, increased merit, and consequently enhanced price, of the 'Art-Union.' We may conclude our notice by extracting the following passages on house decoration:—

'When Louis, the reigning sovereign of Bavaria, commanded the construction of a new palace, he said to his architect, "I desire to build a palace which shall be 'All Art,' from the architecture to the commonest articles, everything shall be designed by my best artists; nothing shall be copied; I will have 'no upholstery.'" This project, worthy of a high and enlightened mind, has been fully carried out; and the new palace, externally and internally, is literally a monument of artistic invention. A grand idea is completed! From the saloon of entrance into the throne-room, a gradation of decoration is observed; beginning by simple forms and modest colours, up to the luxuriance of gilding, ornament, and vivid hues.

"I will have no looking-glasses to usurp the places I can occupy with pictures," was another of the sovereign's commands in the furnishing of his palace of art. Thus everything is in perfect harmony of style: whatever the style may be, it is strictly adopted; not an object violates the unity of thought.

'In the most magnificent mansions of England this completeness has scarcely ever been attained; there is always some incongruous piece of furniture, some ill-patterned carpet, badly-designed curtain cornice, or ugly gilt frame. We are so much accustomed to these "upholsteries," that we become blinded to their anomalies, by valuing them only at the great sums they have cost.

'Even in the architectural composition of the interior of the principal rooms of such mansions, what "monstrosities" of proportion, jumbings of character, and violations of forms are displayed. Lanky pilasters and column patchwork cornices, and clumsily massive chimney-pieces of the purest Carrara marble, carved into repulsive forms, without an atom of skill, much less of design!

'It is true a brighter dawn gently opens upon us, and the interiors of our houses are gradually becoming covered with *designed* ornament. Hope is, however, chilled by the certainty that much of good intention will be wasted by its being consigned to incapable hands. It is not here our province, nor does it suit our present purpose, to investigate all the bearings wherefore, or the under-current of influences which makes attempts sickly and feeble. All comment on the subject may be condensed into a sentence—"Employ an artist to design, and an upholsterer to execute." You cannot go into a shop and order works of art as you would a portmanteau. Study, cultivation, learning, and talent are wanting; they form no part of the stock in trade of the stone mason, the carpenter, or the upholsterer. If, therefore, we would make our houses palaces of art, let us impress upon our minds the noble "order" of the monarch of Bavaria—"I will have *all art*—I will have no upholstery."

NATURAL CLOTHING.

The clothing which grows from the bodies of animals is always suitable in quality and quantity to the climate and season under which they live. In hot climates the coat of quadrupeds is short and thin, but it thickens with increasing latitudes, and yields soft and abundant fleeces. At the poles it is externally shaggy and coarse, internally shorter and fine, as in the skin of the arctic bear. How defensive is the fur of amphibious animals; the beaver for example! How abundant and smooth upon birds as feathers, shutting up the heat of their warm blood, and opposing no resistance to the air through which they fly! The birds of very cold regions have plumage almost as bulky as their bodies; and those which live much in the

water have additionally both a defence of oil on the surface of the feathers, and the interstices of the ordinary plumage filled with delicate down—a bad conductor, which abounds particularly on the breast, as it, in swimming, first meets and divides the cold wave. Then there are animals with warm blood which live in the water—for example, the whale, seal, and walrus; but neither hair nor feathers oiled would have been a fit clothing for them; they accordingly derive protection from the cold water by the enormous amount of blubber or fat which surrounds their bodies; it is a non-conductor.—*Arnold.*

THE DAISY AND THE STAR.

THE modest daisy on the hill,
That drinks of morning dew its fill,
And spreads its leaflets to the light,
And then in quiet meek repose
Its crimson coronet doth close
Beneath the shade of night,
Lives calmly out its little day,
Then fades unseen away.

And yonder shining star,
That dwells in heaven afar,
Whose trembling ray no more is seen,
Lost in the myriad orbs of light
That spangle o'er the veil of night,
Than is the daisy on the green,
Will but live out a longer day,
Then pass unseen away.

C. WITCOMBE.

SOLAR HEAT.

In all our excursions over the surface of the globe, innumerable objects excite our admiration, and contribute to inspire delight; but whether our gratitude is awakened by the verdure of the earth, the lustre of the waters, or the freshness of the air, it is to the beneficial agency of heat, under Providence, that we are indebted to them all. Without the presence and effects of heat, the earth would be an impenetrable rock, incapable of supporting animal or vegetable life; the waters would be for ever deprived of their fluidity and motion, and the air of its elasticity and utility together. Heat animates, invigorates, and beautifies all nature; its influence is absolutely necessary to enable plants to grow, put forth their flowers, and perfect their fruit; it is closely connected with the powers of life, since animated beings lose their vitality when heat is withdrawn. Such is the universal influence of this powerful agent in the kingdoms of nature; nor is this influence diminished in the provinces of art. It is with the aid of heat that rocks are rent, and the hidden treasures of the earth obtained; matter is modified in countless ways by its agency, and rendered subservient to the uses of man; furnishing him with useful and appropriate implements, warm and ornamental clothing, wholesome and delicious food, needful and effectual shelter.—*Treatise on Heat.*

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